

# The Republican.

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No. 16, Vol. 13.] LONDON, Friday, April 21, 1826. [PRICE 6d.

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TO THE MEN AND WOMEN OF BOLTON, IN LANCA-  
SHIRE, GOOD, BAD, AND INDIFFERENT.

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BOLTONIANS, London, April 17, 1826:  
HAD I addressed you as *all good*, I should have felt guilty of a trick, and such a trick as I leave to such a political trickster as William Cobbett. Had I addressed those only of you who are good, my appeal would not have been so extensive as I wish it to be. So I address all of you, good, bad, and indifferent, which constitute the sum of every town, wishing health to the good, amendment to the bad, and more moral decision to the indifferent—and desirous neither to offend, nor to flatter, nor to be misunderstood.

Many of you will have seen Mr. Cobbett's Register of last week, that of April the 15th; but, lest any reader of this should not have seen it, I will give him or her the opportunity to see all of it that concerns me; and, in so doing, I give Mr. Cobbett a specimen of the circumstance, since he has pronounced me *a honest man* in more than one Register, and since I feel assured that I have done nothing since with regard to any individual that can lessen my claim to that distinction, *that an honest man has nothing to fear from exposure*, and that all attacks made upon him with the pen must be ultimately beneficial to him: so I copy so much of Mr. Cobbett's last Register as is addressed to you. In doing this, though it be a most malignant attack upon myself; though it be a venomous attempt to lessen me in your esteem, an esteem often expressed, and I trust still to be expressed while it is well founded; the expression of which, too, at a peculiar moment, has called forth Mr. Cobbett's vengeance, I show to him, to you, and to all, that I can bear *free discussion* upon any subject, even upon my own conduct, private or public.

I will preface the quotation with an observation upon it. Mr. Cobbett has called upon you to choose which of us, he or me, you will hold to, *as to public character*. As far as words convey a meaning; he says, if you respect Carlile, you cannot respect Cobbett: and, as far as he has authority, he says, you shall not express your approbation of both at the same time. *Take the one and leave the other*, is his command to you. He forgets, that you have a choice in the matter, that, in a man's conduct, you may

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Printed and Published by R. Carlile, 135, Fleet Street.

see one act of which you approve, and another of which you disapprove, and that you may be perfectly consistent in toasting the merits of comparatively opposite characters at the same time. Be this right or wrong, I have no command to issue to you upon the subject; my duty upon this matter is clear, I have to defend myself and my publication, which Cobbett attacks, and, at the same time, to attack Cobbett, to show, *that he is not an honest man, that he is not worthy of the support of good men*, and then I leave you to do as you please in the choice which he calls upon you to make, not even requiring you to make that choice, unless you are convinced of its utility.

The following is the *infamous* article which I have calmly to review, and, as a further preface, let me hint to you, that I incline to think that it was the appearance of *my notes on the report of his "Feast of the Gridiron,"* and not your coupling my name with his, that has so maddened him as to make him pronounce me mad. Now for a specimen of Cobbett's madness that has somewhat of trick and method in it. He is a cunning old fellow; but he forgets that others can see through him. This makes him blunder.—

## FEAST OF THE GRIDIRON.

### TO THE GOOD MEN OF BOLTON.

MY FRIENDS,

Kensington, 12th April, 1826.

I HAVE seen, in the BOLTON CHRONICLE, an account of *your* Feast of the Gridiron; and, surely, when we look back to your Petition of 1816, and also to the *imprisonment* of MR. HAYES, merely for announcing to you that *I had arrived at Liverpool in good health*, none of my friends, in any part of the country, can have more just grounds for rejoicing than you. This, however, is only the *beginning* of our triumphs over that fatal system, which has, at last, reduced thousands upon thousands so nearly to starvation, that even the vile wretches, who have supported the system and calumniated us, now tell us, that the poor, in the North, are, in some cases, eating *horse-flesh* and *druff*, which latter means the *husks of the malt*, after beer has been made from it. Other triumphs, and of a much more decided character are to come.

In the meanwhile, let us take care to put upon record an account of our present rejoicings; for, great are the advantages of *not forgetting*. The Register has been our book of record. Never was there so efficient a weapon against folly, imposture, and oppression. The "historian" of the Register era will hardly be able to *lie*, though he hold a bribe in both his hands, and have a bridle in his mouth. This was very well known to those, who thought that they had "*extinguished the torch for ever*," when they had made it so difficult to cause this "torch" to be seen by the people.

A very fair account of our Feast, in London, has been published in several of the newspapers; but, as the report given in the MORNING HE

RALD appears to me to be the fullest, I shall insert that, with a few trifling corrections, wondering that so very few are necessary. Let me, however, before I proceed to this insertion, make a remark or two on some circumstances attending this FEAST; and, particularly as to the *the number of persons present*, and to MR. CARLILE having been one of those persons, which last circumstance has become a matter of more importance, seeing that you, in holding this Feast, made him one of your *toasts*, without, I am very certain, your knowing any thing of his present proceedings.

With regard to the number of persons present at the Feast, there were, I believe, 250 tickets sold. The company consisted, probably, of more than 300; and, at any rate, the room would not have conveniently contained any more than there were. The price of the dinner ticket (12s. 6d.) was high; and, I requested, that, on no account, there should be any *advertisement* of the Feast, *except in the Register itself*; I being resolved to owe, in this particular case, nothing to any other part of the press. As far as we could judge, more than two-thirds of the company came from the country, some from more than two hundred miles' distance. Certainly greater harmony, more unmix'd satisfaction, never prevailed amongst any assemblage of men. It was observed by many, that they never before heard so many, such long-continued, such loud and such hearty peals of *laughter*. That was just what I wanted. It was an occasion for laughter, and our friends, who made the arrangements, very judiciously placed this scene of laughter and exultation (London Tavern) as near as possible to the house of the OLD LADY and to the hell of the Jews and Jobbers. When public dinners are to be *got up*, the usual way is, for a parcel of men to meet, to agree to *take each so many tickets*; then they call themselves STEWARDS; these Stewards dispose of the tickets amongst the friends that they can muster, and, very frequently, they *give them away*; in short, they go out to the "highways and hedges" and get the guests to come in. Did my friends resort to tricks like this? Never. The dinner was bespoken. The tickets were sold at the Tavern and at my shop. I bought my own tickets as other people did; no *solicitation* of any sort was employed. All were *real* volunteers, not volunteers like many that we have seen, from fear of injury or hope of reward.

Our *toasts* had something of real originality in them. We could toast the *King* in a manner that bespoke our sense, and not our folly, and that contained nothing of that fulsome adulation, which we invariably see in the common-place trash of the day. Accordingly, very great was the effect even of these toasts, the very reading of which drew forth marks of approbation, which, I say it without affectation, were far greater than the reader merited. In short, this Feast, the account of it remaining upon record, as it will, will be long remembered, as a sign of these critical, and most interesting times.

Now, I come to the second point, with regard to which I meant to offer you some remarks, namely, the presence of MR. CARLILE at this meeting. The newspapers, every newspaper that made mention of the meeting, seemed to lay particular stress upon this circumstance; a circumstance which I should have noticed, even if you had not given MR. CARLILE as a *toast*, at your Feast of the Gridiron; but, seeing that you did it, it becomes absolutely necessary for me not to hold my tongue upon the subject.

You will recollect, my friends, that, from the first appearance of MALTHUS's odious work on population, very few months have passed without my expressing my disapprobation of that work, and my abhorrence of the unnatural and beastly result to produce which it had a tendency. Some



of you will remember that I had not forgotten this abominable work while I was in a state of voluntary exile. From Long Island I addressed a letter to the hard-hearted author, and told him of the consequences to which his endeavours must ultimately lead. Suffer me to give a short history of the steps which have led to the odious and filthy result of which I am about to speak as connected with the conduct of MR. CARLILE, who may pass for a disciple of Malthus and his followers, if he will: but who, I am resolved, shall not pass for a *discipline of mine*.

It is well known, that the misery of the labouring people has gone on rapidly increasing during the last thirty years. Somewhat more than twenty years ago, Malthus (*a parson of the Church of England*) wrote a book, the objects of which were; first, to cause it to be believed, that this misery of the common people had not arisen at all from the enormous taxation, and the beggaring effects of paper-money and funding, but from the fault of the people themselves *in breeding too fast!* Monstrous idea! An idea that never entered into the brains of mortal before. Monstrous as it was, however, it took the fancy of a great many of those who wished their rents not to be diminished by poor-rates! And the work was patronised by them to an almost unbounded extent. Malthus proposed, as a remedy, that any persons who married after the passing of an act which he proposed to be passed, should *never after receive parochial relief*, but be left to suffer from hunger and cold; that *all children*, the fruit of such marriages, should also be excluded from parochial relief; and (I pray you mark this well) that all *illegitimate* children, born after the passing of this act, should also be excluded from parochial relief!

This was his remedy; and he talked in a sort of blind and indistinct manner of *checking* population by what he called "*moral restraints*." Now, you will please to observe that the word *moral* does not mean that the restraint should have any thing to do with what we call *morality*; that is to say, it does not necessarily mean that. It means a restraint proceeding *from reason and reflection*; that is to say, that people ought to restrain themselves from marrying and having children, until they were *quite certain* of having the means to subsist them through life, without the aid of charity or of the parish.

The absurdity of this doctrine I have shewn upon many occasions, and shall not repeat my arguments here. Absurd as it was, however, it soon found numerous disciples, particularly amongst those *who had to pay the poor-rates*; and who wished to have the rents without any participation by those, whose labour alone made the land worth any thing at all. "*Surplus population*" became, as the French used to call it, "*the order of day*." No small part of the land-owners, and the whole of the tax-eaters, ascribed the misery of the labourers *to the breeding of their wives*. All were for reducing the amount of the poor-rates; and to hear many of the babblers in Parliament, who would not have thought that the labouring classes of the people had set to work to breed children for the purpose of devouring the rents and disabling the landlords to pay their funded and unfunded debt?

"*Surplus population: a check to population!*" These were continually in the mouths of those who were devouring the fruits of the labour of the people; who were swallowing between fifty and sixty millions a year in taxes, and as much more drawn away by the jugglery of paper-money. Malthus talked about "*moral restraint*." He did not proceed so far as to point out the *precise nature* of this restraint; he did not tell you precisely how men and women were to live, and children were to be prevented from being born; but he laid down *the principle*, and he proposed a *punishment*



for what he called the *indiscreet* breeders of children! He very unequivocally stated that there was a *natural tendency* in man, *in common with other animals*, to multiply beyond the means of sustenance which the earth produces; and that, therefore, there *must be checks to breeding*. He left the matter thus; and, when he was applauded; when the walls of the Parliament House rang with that applause; when every babbler who talked about "*surplus population*" was encouraged and applauded; was it not natural, that, at last, some one would be found, base and indecent enough to point out the *mechanical means* to be made use of by women to put a stop to, or a check upon, that evil, as it was called, the surplus breeding of children? In the Reports of the Agricultural Committee of 1821, we find that almost all the witnesses have put to them, and the Committee, questions of this sort: "Do you find that *early marriages* amongst the labourers are a great cause of the increase of Poor-rates?" The committee, moved for by LORD JOHN RUSSEL, and of which he was chairman, in 1824, repeatedly put this same question. The Members, in the House itself, for years, harped upon *the evil of early marriages amongst the common people*; and, at last, LAWYER SCARLETT actually brought in a Bill, one of the objects of which was to prevent "*indiscreet marriages*" amongst the labouring class. This Bill, which was assailed by me the moment it made its appearance, was finally rejected; but it shewed to what lengths the notions of men had been carried with regard to this doctrine of "*surplus population*."

Amidst all this, and amidst something rather more than *broad hints*, contained in the writings of the Scotch *feelosophers*, not excepting the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; amidst all this, it is not so very surprising that a monster should at last be found in the shape of man, to recommend to the wives and daughters of the labouring classes *the means of putting Malthus's principle in practice*; that is to say, should recommend to them the means of living in a state of marriage, should even recommend to them to indulge themselves to the utmost extent without being married, should recommend to them the horrible means of thus living and thus indulging, without the "*inconveniences*," as the monster calls it, of being mothers! Monstrous as this is, diabolical as the wretch must be, loathsome and disgusting as it must be, there was a wretch found to put such instructions upon paper, and to cause them to be widely circulated amongst the manufacturers of the North! I have once or twice spoken of this horrible production. I now find that there were *three* separate productions of this sort, all proceeding from the same source. They appeared in the shape of *hand-bills*, without any printer's name. The villanous author being afraid of the consequences of tracing them to him. At last, however, a man is found to put his name to a publication, containing not only these three hand-bills, but great additions to them, strongly inculcating the use of the means; openly and avowedly teaching young women to be prostitutes before they are married, and in a way so as not to prevent their future marriage, to which publication is prefixed, most appropriately, the figures of a man and woman in a state of *perfect nakedness*, the instructions being conveyed in terms so filthy, so disgusting, so beastly, as to shock the mind of even the lewdest of men and women. There has been a man found to do even this; thus to follow up the principle of Malthus, improved by the Scotch feelosophers; a man has been found to exhibit this abominable work, in open day, in a shop-window in London; and this man is that very RICHARD CARLILE, who, the newspapers say, was at our Feast of the Gridiron, and whom you toasted at your's.

Now, my friends, I sincerely believe that this man is only an *instrument*

in the hands of others. He says, in this abominable publication, that he was three years before he could bring his mind to be thus instrumental; that for one year he was afraid of thinking of the matter; that it is not his plan; that it was not sought after by him; that it was submitted to his consideration by others. Who those others are, I shall, perhaps, hereafter have to state; but I have thought it my duty to give you this warning, to endeavour to guard your daughters against these most diabolical precepts; and, at any rate, to call upon you to recall your toast to **RICHARD CARLILE**, or to receive my disclaimer of the toasts which you were kind enough to give in behalf of me and those who belong to me.

I hope, and I believe, that you never can have heard of this detestable publication. I can easily believe this; for, I assure you, upon my honour, that I never so much as heard of it until Saturday last, two days after the Feast of the Gridiron, when I was told of it by a gentleman, who is a very sincere friend of mine, and who had read in the newspapers, an account of **CARLILE** having been at the dinner, at which he expressed his regret. Hence arose a description of the work given to me by this gentleman. If I had known of the work on the day of the dinner, I would have spoken of it to the Gentlemen present as I have now spoken of it to you, and I would have concluded by declaring that he should instantly quit the room, or that I would; for however humble an instrument he may be in so diabolical a work, the bare sitting with him in the same room I should have deemed an act of infamy; and, gentlemen, let me tell you plainly, that I disclaim your toasts, I reject your friendship, I scorn your applause, unless, having this information given, you *publicly retract your toast of Richard Carlile*.

To my utter astonishment, I find that this abominable publication has been suffered quietly to proceed for the space of about *six months*. Let it proceed; let those who approve of it tolerate and encourage it; let the applauders of Malthus, whom Carlile quotes as one of his *authorities*; let all those who impute the sufferings of the people to "*surplus population*"; let these enemies of reform and patrons of taxation and paper-money; let these toast **RICHARD CARLILE**; let them claim him as theirs; I hope he will be none of yours, and I am resolved that he shall be none of mine. I am resolved that these enemies of the people shall not fasten upon me the instruments which they employ for the carrying on of their work. I contend, and I have always contended, that it is the taxes and the paper money that cause the sufferings of the working people. In every work of my writing have I introduced this opinion. The consumers of taxes, the fatteners upon paper-money; these devourers of the fruit of the people's labour, cannot deny the existence of misery amongst the labouring people; but they endeavour to cause it to be believed, that the misery arises from the labouring people having too many children, and in the promulgation of this unnatural, this monstrous doctrine, Richard Carlile is their impious instrument. Let, therefore, the eaters of taxes and the fatteners upon paper-money, *take him to themselves*; he belongs to them and to them exclusively; by them, again I say, let him be cherished and supported; again I say, that I hope you will not own him as belonging to you, and I repeat my resolution that he shall be known not to belong to me. Curious it is, and worthy of pointed attention: that this **CARLILE**, who has just been released from a prison, to which he was sentenced partly on account of alleged *sedition and blasphemy*, should now, for six months, have been openly publishing the most obscene, the most beastly book, a book openly, and in so many words, advising young girls to prostitute their persons before marriage, and pointing out in terms the most filthy, the means by which they may do it *without the danger of being mothers*; it is curious, that this man



should now have *done this quietly for six months*; but, it is still more worthy of remark, that, in this work, HE QUOTES MALTHUS (a parson of the *Church established by law*) as one of his AUTHORITIES for what he is doing!

I have heard (for I never even saw him that I know of), that CARLILE is nearly a madman. But, those who have set him to work are not mad. Those who have been at the expence of circulating hundreds of thousands of the "check-population" hand-bills, are not mad. Those, who were *three years* at work upon him to get him to do this thing, are not mad. Who these his advisers and supporters are we shall, I dare say, find out at last. He is a tool, a poor, half-mad tool, of *the enemies of reform*. He wants no reform, for the end of his abominable book, is, to shew, that the sufferings of the people *do not arise from the want of reform*; but from the "*indiscreet breeding*" of the women! And yet, you toast him, and that, too, on an occasion like this!

I shall now insert, the account of our Festival, as I find that account in the *Morning Herald* newspaper, with the trifling corrections that I have mentioned above; and, in the hope that you will agree with me with regard to what I have already said in the above paragraphs, I conclude with subscribing myself

Your faithful friend and most obedient Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

The first thing which Mr. Cobbett tells you concerning me is, that you know nothing of *my present proceedings*. Those proceedings are explained to be a publication of a pamphlet on the subject of physical love, shewing *how its pleasures may be preserved and multiplied by guarding against its consequent evils*. It has happened, rather unfortunately for Mr. Cobbett, that *you, the people of Bolton*, are well acquainted with that publication, that many of them have circulated in your town, and that from no town in the Island have I received more expressed approbation of that publication than from the town of Bolton: and I have received an expression of approbation of that publication from many towns; though I must confess, that, as many have expressed their disapprobation. Even reasoners have their prejudices to remove, as they proceed in their reasonings.

The next point is, that Mr. Cobbett says, I may pass for a disciple of Malthus; but shall not pass for a disciple of his. Very well. Rather a disciple of any man than of William Cobbett. William Cobbett has taught no principles, nothing new that is good and useful, so as to make any man his disciple. A disciple expresses an adherence to a man who has taught something new as a useful principle to mankind. Look back and ask yourselves what William Cobbett has taught you. Mention one original idea that his ever busy head has put forth. Shew any one useful effect that he, as a political writer of twenty or thirty years standing, has produced. Political usefulness is seen in the effects which it produces. What has Cobbett done, by all his noise, his bluster, and his personal abuse? Point to the effect which he



has produced. Shew me the man whom he has enlightened. Remind me of any one evil which he has counteracted.

I have some claim to have disciples. If I have done nothing towards enlightening the minds of my country folks upon matters of politics and religion, and I am sure that you will say I have done something on that head, and more than Cobbett can do after me, I have shewn you how to resist oppression successfully. I have smothered the persecution of fanaticism. I have tamed religious tygers. I have put a stop to many of those deadly evils which religion has been producing in this and other countries for the last sixteen or seventeen hundred years. But in this matter I shall never have William Cobbett for a disciple. He has shewn himself in all such matters a great hypocrite, a cringing, truckling coward. There is nothing so base but he would have done to have avoided a prison. His overtures to that effect were rejected with contempt by his persecutors. Never has he taken the post of danger. He has shrunk or fled from wherever danger has presented itself; and verily I do believe, that it was mere spite that made him change his political character, or, from an abusive Church, King, Constitution, and "Thing" man, to become a pretended Reformer of the political abuses of the country. But I am anticipating here what I shall have to say of him in a brief memoir. I must first defend myself and my publication and then shew that the man who attacks either is not, cannot be, a good and useful man as a public character and a Reformer, in this country, at this time.

The whole of Mr. Cobbett's article is ludicrously late. The book which he attacks as a novelty to him was first published in "The Republican" near a year ago, or on the 6th of May last, and has, at this time, gone through no less than five editions. He would have you to infer, that I was let out of gaol to publish it, while you know well, that it was published six months before I left the gaol.

He calls me a *half mad tool* in the matter of this publication. A madman carries nothing about him of the disposition of being a tool. His actions are, though wild, independent. He tells you, that he has been told, that I am *nearly a madman*. He knows better; he knows too, that those very enemies of yours, of which he says I am *the tool*, would fain have it believed, that I am mad. You shall have with this the picture of this madman. I have one prepared to give away with "The Republican," in consequence of the ill executed, imperfect likenesses which my friends have had to pay for during my imprisonment. This likeness was not prepared for this No. of "The Republican;" but was intended to have gone forth with an address to the people of this country, as soon as I had accomplished the object of getting into an establishment in Fleet-street worthy of my cause—of your cause; but not the cause of Mr. Cobbett. His cause is that of

maintenance for his family. Laudable in itself; but detestable when put forth with pretensions of disinterestedness as a public advocate of reform. I too am anxious to maintain, and well, my family; but I can appeal to all who really know me and ask whether I have ever put family before the principles which I have been advocating? Mr. Cobbett has done this. To support a certain appearance in his family, an appearance beyond his honest means of supporting, he has sacrificed friends, principles, and honesty.

The portrait which I now present to you exhibits nothing of the character of a madman, though its aspect is more fierce than mine really is. One has been lately lithographed, which exhibits a dull countenance, and if the reader can imagine something between the dullness of the one and the fierceness of the other, he will hit upon the general character of my countenance.

I am induced to put forth this portrait at this moment, prematurely, in consequence of this vile imputation of madness. I was repeatedly written down *an honest man* by Mr. Cobbett himself, during the last three or four years of my imprisonment, and he never said a word about *madness*, until I began to expose his tricks, and to cut his comb as the bully of the press. Had I flattered him, had I been *a tool of his*, or had I shewn a disposition so to be, I should have been with him one of the best and bravest fellows in the world; but because I have shewn a spirit of independence of him; because I have carried my disposition to reform up to him, he adopts the cry and evasion of our other tyrants and says—“*you must be mad to think of such a thing.*” While I was attacking our old acquaintance, Henry Hunt, or defending myself against his attacks, on a friend of mine saying to Mr. Cobbett, that he had advised me to desist, as it would lead to a division among the Reformers, the other replied, *let him alone, let him go on, he will do much good by the exposure.* But now, forsooth, that I have felt it a duty to expose Cobbett himself, he finds that I am mad. “*I am not mad,*” People of Bolton, “*but speak the words of truth and soberness.*” There was not a man at your Feast of the Gridiron, at that pretended festival that had not a single ground whereupon to rejoice, but must have responded to Mr. Cobbett: “*it is a lie of your invention, he is not mad.*”

In speaking of my appearance at Mr. Cobbett's feast of humbug, the “Morning Herald” made allusion to a little singularity in my dress; and as Mr. Cobbett has scored that part of the report for the notice of his readers, I will explain it. This notice was one motive for my sending forth this new portrait. You will there see precisely what that dress is, and however defective it might be as a likeness of the minutiae of my face, the outline and general character is perfect. For the last two or three years of my confinement I wore no neckcloth; and I found myself so much



more comfortable without it, having a very short neck, that I resolved to wear it no more. To this end, some little arrangement as to new modifying the shirt collar was necessary; and that consists in mine being so loose as to leave perfect freedom for the motions of the neck and head. I have adopted this too from its mere physiological wholesomeness, and I have reasons to think, that I am better in health and less liable to colds and sore throats by leaving the neck free and open. To me, a tight or large neckcloth would be particularly injurious, as it increases tendencies to apoplexy; so, to avoid the evils of the one side, and the appearance of undress on the other, I wear as simple a thing as can be worn round the neck with neatness, *a narrow strip of velvet fastened by a small clasp*. This leaves the whole of the shirt collar visible, and gives it an appearance of magnitude, which a neckcloth would hide. Dress is an affair that I am very careless about; perhaps, rather too careless to acquire a particular kind of respect: but I do not recommend to others that which is at variance with every thing that passes in my own family, as Mr. Cobbett does.

During the two or three days that I was in Lancashire, I was much pleased with the manner in which I saw young men wearing their shirt collars, lying back over the collars of their jackets, and the neck perfectly open. It is much to be preferred to bandages up to the ears; and particularly since report says, that the introduction of the fashion of high neckcloths was to cover the diseases of royal and aristocratical necks. I have a neck that I am not ashamed to shew: and since so many good reasons can be shewn for not wearing neckcloths, I shall not be persuaded nor teased into a return to the error.

Putting aside the trifles of dress, let us proceed to more serious matters; and when Mr. Cobbett talks about *rejoicings*, let us ask him what he has to rejoice about. Let me ask you, of the Bolton Gridiron Feast, what you feasted for. Was it because there were new and additional calamity in the country? Remove it and rejoice afterwards. Was it because Mr. Cobbett's predictions were fulfilled in the growth of that calamity? What has he predicted, that was not predicted to his hands by Paine and others? Was it because payments in gold are suspended? If so, you were wrong; for payments in gold are not legislatively suspended, and every holder of a note can demand gold if he pleases; and a different state of things is not desired, cannot be, in this country. Gold sufficient as a medium of barter for its present commerce cannot be found. Was it because your enemies are in a dilemma of their own creating? Will that circumstance hasten your redress? Will a reformed representation in Parliament be brought about by any circumstance connected with the finances of the country? And, if so, will it be done in this century? I think not, supposing that there were no other causes



in action to produce that reformed representation : supposing that you had no better advocate for reform than William Cobbett, who has been twenty years at it, without producing a single effect, and who would have been knocked down altogether had he not been supported by bolder and more honest men than himself. He offered to suppress his Register, rather than go to prison in 1810, when he was prosecuted ; and certainly it would have gone down, but for my defiance to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1817, when Cobbett fled from a double probability of imprisonment, or from the greater probability of being *imprisoned* for debt than for libel, than from the absolute powers of imprisonment assumed by the Ministers.

I shall have more to say on this subject, when I come to that part of my defence and attack which will consist of a brief memoir of William Cobbett. He vilified Paine with lies and scurrility, in a memoir ; but I will return the compliment by writing nothing but truths of William Cobbett. I told him a year ago, that I had a little budget of facts about him to come out some day, and now that day is come. He told me then, that I was mad, as he tells me now ; but he said also, that if the Ministers would condescend to liberate me, that, by the end of six months from the time of that liberation, I should return to the mending of kettles. I replied, that I had certainly mended kettles ; but that he was, the blackest hollow kettle that I had ever undertaken to mend ; and now, six months have nearly elapsed from my liberation, and here I am, not mending kettles, in Mr. Cobbett's sense of the word, but mending him, if possible for any one to do it ; and, at least, an object of great annoyance in opposition to his tricks. He was not a prophet here. I now prophecy, that my future conduct and distinction in life will be such as at least to bring him into contempt, and to put him into the shade ; and I desire nothing more, to the accomplishment of this end, than that he go on to attack me weekly, as he attacked me in his last Register.

Had my moral reputation been so low and infamous as that of Mr. Cobbett, I should have feared to have published such a book as the " Every Woman's Book ;" because bad motives might have been reasonably inferred ; but it was from the conviction, that I should not lose a friend by it, that all who knew me would give me credit for good motives, that made me bold to publish this the most important political pamphlet that has ever yet appeared, a pamphlet containing instruction more socially moral and more morally effectual towards the amelioration of the condition of the human race, than any or all the pamphlets put together that have yet appeared.

He tells you, that there was never so efficient a weapon against folly, imposture, and oppression as his Register. How was it then that folly, imposture, and oppression went on increasing, until he, taking his own account, which I do not credit, was

obliged to fly from them? Who stemmed them, when they got to an extravagant height? Was it William Cobbett. He tells us, in another part of this same letter, that he fled from them, when there was danger. That folly, that imposture, that oppression has received a check; but what did William Cobbett towards it? Where was he in the hour of danger? I will tell you all about it before I have, at this time, done with him, and a very pretty, and very true memoir you shall have of him. I have but little to fear or to care about your retracting your toast of me; but pray, if you talk of the matter, wait until you hear my defence; wait until you see my reasons, why you should express your sorrow at having held a "Feast of the Gridiron," and why you should retract your expression of esteem of William Cobbett. I know William Cobbett better than he knows me, better than you can possibly know him, though many a Bolton man has sent me a written expression of contempt of him; and many, whom he little suspects, have expressed their conviction of the superiority over him of my principles and conduct, and these too, many of those, Catholics excepted, whom he can alone count as his private friends. He will lament the publication of his last Register as long as he lives. The baseness of the thing admits of no excuse, and none will serve him.

Before I go further, it may be well to state, why I went to this London "Feast of the Gridiron." I had no intention to go until the middle of the day that it happened: and although we were told that no tickets were to be sold after the third of April, mine was purchased at noon on the sixth. Several of my country friends, who had come to town for the purpose, begged me to go; but one more particularly so than the rest was Mr. Frederick Jones of Bristol. I mention the name, because something is likely to come out about Mr. Jones, in the matter of Cobbett's attack upon me and my publication. Mr. Jones used all the argument and persuasion he could use, why I should go; but, up to the evening of the fifth, or the day before the feast, I expressed a disinclination. On the Thursday morning, while filling up "The Republican," it occurred to me, that I might get a good squib, if I waited for the "Feast of the Gridiron." Arrangements having been made to keep "The Republican" open for an article upon the subject, I resolved to go as a reporter and a spectator; a character which I strictly observed. I felt no joy, saw nothing at which I could rejoice; for a more complete trick, a political and money-getting trick, than that "Feast of the Gridiron," was never practised by politician or trickster, upon a credulous and easily cheated multitude. There was no object in the thing, but the private object of the founder of the feast. I saw many there whom I respect; but I know how easily men are led into triflings, and how much more difficult it is to get them to appear and act in more serious and important matters. I looked upon



the meeting as a private meeting of the friends or followers of Mr. Cobbett; and if I could not have purchased a ticket to be a spectator, I should not have gone near the place. Still I made a good squib of the thing to set Cobbett on fire, and now I rejoice that I went. I heartily wish to be known to the people of this country as no disciple of Mr. Cobbett's. I wish it to be known, that I and my more immediate friends hold him in the highest state of contempt. Individually, I have done so ever since I was politician enough to know what reform really meant. I expressed that contempt for him when I was working at the bench, and I have shewn it in every step that I have since taken. Such was my sincerity in the matter, that when, in defiance of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, I went round the town with political pamphlets, trying, by my boldness and example, to raise the spirits of the frightened shopkeepers, who had sold them before Lord Sidmouth's menace, I refused to sell or carry round Cobbett's Register, and "Paper against Gold," for the cowardice which he had exhibited when menaced; though becoming a more general bookseller, and seeking a living as a bookseller, I was obliged to sell these as well as others. Never did I use a single means to form an acquaintance, to exchange a letter, or to have an interview with Cobbett, though he has praised me, though he called on Mrs. Carlile on his return to London in 1819, and told her that he would, if possible, go to Dorchester to see me in the ensuing summer. Knowing my own intentions and determinations, I was afraid to form an acquaintance with the man, assured, that he would, if he could, have thwarted those intentions and determinations. I should now feel disgraced by an acquaintance with him, and my abstinence, my avowed disposition, had rendered it quite superfluous for him to disclaim me as his disciple. Bless the fellow! I never learnt any thing from him, so as to become his disciple. I know not what any other person can have learnt from him, beyond his agricultural subject, where alone he is an original, as far as I know of that matter.

Once and once only did I exchange a note with his son, John, who was then publishing the Register. There was an intimation given in the Register, or in some other shape, that a place was wanted from which to publish. Mrs. Carlile had been just sent to the Gaol, little Tom Paine had the Gaol Fever upon him, or was nearly dead from confinement, and my immediate situation and prospects were any thing but pleasant and promising. In this state of things, I offered the half of the shop, 55, Fleet Street, for the publication of the Register. The offer was declined. Here began, and here ended, and here will end, my correspondence with the Cobbett family.

Nor am I a disciple of Malthus, that I know of; for I have never read his work. I know him only by extracts picked up here and there from his works. Still, I know one valued friend, a



valuable friend to the working man, who has read Malthus, and who says, that he, Malthus, has laid down some important doctrines to benefit the labouring man, and that he has done more on that head than William Cobbett has done. A few extracts, at a future day, fairly made and fairly illustrated, shall prove this. I am also told, from good authority, that the aristocracy of the country do not now take the same view of Malthus' book as they did when it first appeared; finding, that the tendency of the doctrine of Malthus is really the amelioration of the condition of the people, and a lessening of their (the aristocracy's) power over them.

Politicians have been divided in opinion, as to which is the best state of things to produce a reform of political abuses—a dense mass of miserable population disposed to rise in a state of hostility to overthrow their rulers; or a few high-minded, well fed and well informed people, disposed to bring the change about by their moral influence, by shewing the ignorance of their rulers and what would be a better system of proceeding. Mr. Cobbett, Mr. Wooler, and many others decide for the former, and I am informed, that Mr. Cobbett expressed as much a few days ago, and that his real and full conviction was, that no reform, no useful change of things would take place in this country, until the people could successfully take up arms for it. This, Boltonians, is what I have often said to you in public; but you never found Mr. Cobbett saying this in public. He has a very different doctrine for his Register. Send him to Parliament, and you will do all that is necessary, says the Register: but Mr. Cobbett in his closet, with his friends, can urge them on to acts of political hostility, as well as I can in public. This, I know, he has uniformly done, through many years past. My informant, in the present instance, was that Mr. Frederic Jones, whom I have before mentioned. It was stated to me as one of those secrets which a man tells to all his acquaintance, to be kept as a profound secret. Mr. Cobbett, in public, says he can do every thing for you, if you will send him to Parliament; in private, so says Mr. Jones, that he can do nothing but prepare the public mind for that great battle which he says must ultimately be fought. I agree with him more in his private than in his public doctrines. I have uniformly said this in public—*let us do all we can by our moral powers towards a reform of what is bad in our political system, until we are prepared to put the finishing stroke to it with our physical powers.* This is my doctrine, and I wish all to know it. In this, I am no political incendiary; but he is the political incendiary who does as Cobbett does, with his one doctrine for the Register, and with another for the closet, and for men whom he can secretly urge on to deeds of desperation. We had proof enough of this in 1817, 1818, and 1819. This too was the doctrine and conduct of Henry Hunt.

As I have grown older and thought more deeply as a politician, I have lost some of my passion for working changes by the mere physical force of our ignorant, miserable, and desperate population. I have asked myself:—Should this sort of people overthrow existing powers; will they be in a state of qualification to use well that power which they may acquire. Now I heartily wish for a change in the present state of things; but I can say with Horne Tooke, that I had rather be ruled by Saint James' than by Saint Giles', even if Saint Giles' be called the people. I am therefore become a convert to the doctrine of those politicians, who seek to accomplish reform by beginning at the foundation, by beginning to reform the vices and to remove the miseries of the mass of the people; and I shall not object to him, if I find Malthus instead of Cobbett among that number of politicians. Principles, not names and professions, have ever been the subjects of my political pursuits. Can William Cobbett truly say so much? I should not have introduced Mr. Jones' name into this subject, had I not assurance that he had planned with Mr. Cobbett this attack upon me, and had he not left a message at my shop that he should participate in the attack. I was prepared for Cobbett and pleased with his attack; and I shall now be prepared for Mr. Jones; but he must not complain about breach of confidence, after lending himself so much to his master; for Mr. Jones is not, like me, ashamed to call himself the disciple of Mr. Cobbett, though he be also Republican, Atheist, Revolutionist, fighting man, and all that enthusiasm can make of a politician. Mr. Jones partook of my hospitality for the purpose of dragging forth other names than mine upon the subject of this "Every Woman's Book:" but let him take a lesson and teach his master that honesty and integrity fear no exposure, and above all things let him not complain of my dragging forth his name here. So now, Mr. Jones, pop away; I shall make sport with you. And learn from me also the wisdom of waiting two or three years to consider of such an important subject as that of *love*.

Mr. Cobbett is not satisfied with attacking me; but he pleads for prosecution on the book or its publisher also. This, in him, is base: this is a specimen of his old character, when he wrote for money against Tom Paine and the Devil. He even goads some public prosecutor to prosecute the book, infers, that it is curious, that it is not prosecuted; and concludes, as a reason, that it must be sanctioned by the enemies of reform. Base fellow! He knows better, but he thinks that I should be more out of his way, were I in a gaol again, and not likely to annoy him by reporting what I see at the next Feast of the Gridiron; and, as sure as he holds another, I will go to see whether he has courage enough to move that I be put out of the room. I will not only go; but wherever he, to my previous knowledge, attends a public meeting in Lon-



don, I will make myself conspicuous to him. I have been well informed, that he has wished me out of his way for many years past; but that he cannot accomplish, and his tricks can never again pass unexposed. He exposes himself when he attacks me: and I am one who no more fear his attacks, than I feared the attacks of the Attorney General. If he does not lament the publication of his last Register, then I will say that I did not know William Cobbett.

I cannot, in the present week, complete the task which I have undertaken against Mr. Cobbett; indeed, I expect it will be the work of a month. But a Bristol Friend has, to me quite unexpectedly, thrown in his assistance; and knowing the goodness of his character and the respectability of his situation in life, seeing too that he offers Mr. Cobbett his name on the condition that the latter will publish his letter in the Register; on such a subject as the present, I deem him a correspondent of importance, and stay my pen to make way for his Letter.

It will be well to observe, as a bit of torment to OLD ENVY THE SECOND, that he has well advertised my "EVERY WOMAN'S BOOK," and that we have sold in London about fifty in a day extra by it. This is a point on which Candid exposes this hypocrisy of Cobbett.

I have sent a placard to press, headed WAR WITH COBBETT, and since I know well his private disposition towards me has ever been what he displayed in his last week's Register, I shall not make peace until I have conquered him, or brought him into irredeemable contempt; for he is too old to expect him to amend his character. So, people of Bolton, next week I shall again address you, or some other persons, upon the same subject.

Respectfully,

RICHARD CARLILE.

The following Letter is from a respectable tradesman of Bristol.—R. C.

TO MR. WILLIAM COBBETT.

SIR,

I HAVE been, for many years a constant reader of your Register, and as I paid for it myself, I think it no small proof that I admire the majority of your arguments—though I have often had to blush for your expressions—and to make excuses to my friends for that which in their opinion constituted you a Public Blackguard. I compared you to a powerful pleader, who could support any cause, and therefore ought to be employed, though you pleaded in dirty linen. I am sorry to see the assertion of your enemies so often verified, that you turn round, censure, and expose every man who has been your friend; that you are a most conceited egotist, and a man who cannot bear to see any one praised but yourself; and that your inconsistencies are such, that the best arguments against you are to be



found in your own writings. Cobbett does best refute himself. Of all the different attacks you have made on public men, I think the one on Carlile, in your Register of April 15, in your Letter to the Men of Bolton, who honoured Carlile by drinking his health at their Feast of the Gridiron, is the worst, because the least called for. And your unmanly and base expressions shew the malice of your heart to arise from low envy, because he is patronised as well as you. Does the Billingsgate scold gain her point by calling foul names—or the blackguard bully prove his arguments by blows? No; nor can you convince the reasoning part of your readers, that Carlile is a monster in the shape of man, because you are pleased to bully him in consequence of his friends drinking his health. And what is your charge against this monster in the shape of man—that he has written against the Holy Religion which you profess? No. That he denies the immaculate conception, or the glorious resurrection? No. That he disowns Jesus Christ and his Apostles? No. That he calls the Catholic Bishops, Priests, Friars, and Nuns, (about whom you have written such a pretty book, making them demi-gods and goddesses,) a set of lazy rogues or whores? No, no. I thought, at first, as you are become such a pious man, writing so much lately in defence of Holy Mother Church, and asserting that Carlile is but lately released from a prison, where he was confined for six years on account of alleged sedition and blasphemy (forgetting what you were confined in Newgate for) that it was his blasphemy had wounded your religious feelings, and called forth the fury of your indignation: but I find the charge against him is his publishing the means, which were communicated to him by others, by which a poor half-starved weaver may, if his wife please to adopt it, decline having more children than they can maintain! Why! what a “monster, what a beast” must he be, to give them this information, which, if practised, may prevent in some measure that dreadful misery, about which you write, and leave you like an unfeeling doctor, starving for want of subjects! To your utter astonishment, you find that this abominable publication has been suffered quietly to proceed for the space of six months. Though you have once or twice spoken of this horrible production, how monstrously base, not to withdraw it after you had spoken of it. But how do you reconcile your assertion of having spoken of it once or twice, with your following assertion on the same leaf, “that I never so much as heard of it until Saturday last, two days after the Feast of the Gridiron, when I was told of it by a gentleman,” &c. What is flat contradiction? What is base lying? How very convenient for you to find a friend to inform you of that, which, as a public writer, you ought to have known six months before, just at the time when your Bolton friends had coupled your health with Carlile’s, thus to give you an opportunity to expose the “beastiality” of your rival! Had you known of it at the dinner, you say, Carlile should “have instantly quitted the room, as the bare sitting with him in the same room you should have deemed an act of infamy.” What a conscientious man you are! And yet you had once or twice spoken of this horrible production before—oh what a Captain Bobadil! I wish you had tried the experiment of turning him out of the room—you might have found more of his friends there than at Bolton. You say, your friend gave you a description of the work; and you wish your readers to believe, that you have not read it; if you have not read it, what a “base wretch” must you be to treat a man thus for a publication of which you have only hearsay evidence; and if you have read it, what a “base man” you must be to assert a falsehood; for you charge him with advising young girls to prostitute their persons before marriage, and, in pointing out the means by which they may do it without the dan-

ger of being mothers. Now I challenge and defy you to prove from any part of the book where such advice is given—though it were well known, before you were born, to all young girls that did prostitute themselves, that there was little or no chance of their becoming mothers.

How basely you endeavour to undermine the character of your opponent by your coupling him with Malthus, and the prostitution of young girls, both as foreign to the work as light to darkness! When you knew, for there is not the least doubt of your having read the book, that it has an opposite tendency; by pointing out to young people the dreadful evil arising from indiscretion, and giving them the most wholesome advice.

If what you assert of this book be true, if it be an encouragement to young girls to become prostitutes, in what light must you appear to the thinking part of mankind by your act of advertising the work? Are there not thousands, who read your Register, unacquainted with this publication of Carlile's; while others, both male and female, who have heard his name, hold it in religious abhorrence? To all those you have published the important fact—by your own showing and belief—that they may indulge their passions, without the fear of being mothers; and this knowledge you say may be obtained by buying Carlile's book. As far as this is a moral guilt, (and that it is, you loudly exclaim) you are an accessory—for if it be a poison to the mind, you have done all in your power to inform the public where to buy the drug. Nor will Carlile's infidelity be a preventive. The gratification of the passions is not prevented by religion. The saints, by your exposure of the Methodists, are fond of Love-feasts—and the Evangelicals are well known to produce plenty of bastards. I am apt to think, were you tried by the Holy Inquisition, whose religion you have so strenuously espoused, you would suffer a severe castigation for your offence.

I have read the work you thus condemn, the author of which you have treated in the basest manner. I am almost as old a man as you are, and the father of as many children, who are as moral characters as yours, with this difference between us, that there is a greater consistency in my conduct and opinions than you have evinced in yours. I do not call foul names nor abuse those who differ from me. I have some knowledge of mankind, and am acquainted with the miseries of the poor, so ably described by yourself; yet I do not see the work in the same light with you. Where is the writer who has drawn a stronger picture of the poverty, wretchedness, and misery of the bulk of Englishmen than William Cobbett? Who is the man that has equalled you in exposing their misery to the nation? Who that apparently has felt more for their hopeless situation? In what part of your works have you exposed that situation more than in your speech at the Feast of the Gridiron, in the very book in which you condemn, in so shameful a manner, Carlile? You there say, the food of the labourer, as proved before the House of Commons, is cold potatoes; that the Judges, in a complaint made by a prisoner respecting food, asked, "Whether bread and water was not the common food of the labourers of England: their Lordships said, that the man was as well fed as the commonalty of people out of gaol." You say, that men are better fed and clothed in gaol than the labouring poor out. You tell us, that Mr. Curwen, the Member for Carlisle, presented a petition from some honest poor, who, after stating the misery of their situation, and their being exposed to punishment so incessantly from attempts to satisfy their hunger, prayed the Honourable House to transport them for life. You say, that the poor of this kingdom are mere skeletons, dressed in rags, and more miserable than any other people on the face of the earth—Ireland alone excepted. These are your assertions in the very Register, where you condemn Carlile's information. Now



let us coolly examine the extent of that information, and see how far you are justified in your foul attack on him. Taking your own statement of the poverty and wretchedness of the people to be true, what relief do you offer them? What consolation does the miserable weaver, with a wife and six or more children, to be maintained, when in full work, on ten shillings per week, derive from reading the Register? What hope do you point out to the wretches, who wanted to be transported for life? What consolation does the skeleton potatoe-eating husbandman derive from the contents of your Register? In what way within the compass of their power have you pointed out to any or either of those the means of ameliorating their situation? You have boasted of your prophecy, and have held the Feast of the Gridiron—are they, the poor, better or worse for it? Who suffers most at this moment, the master or the discharged man? And if, as you predict, the farmers will be in the same situation they were three years ago, what will then be the situation of the poor? They must bear the burden of the misery. You may write on about olden time, the beauty of churches, good living of beef-stakes. This is only tormenting potatoe-eaters, unless you can effect the means of obtaining those good things for them. One mend-fault is worth ten find-faults. If your writings are to be relied on, you know as much about the population of this kingdom as you do about trade. From your view of old churches and the present number of people, you conclude, in opposition to the evidence of your eyes, by the rapid increase of our cities and towns, that we have decreased in number; and though you see the taylor and shoemaker exchange trowsers for shoes, each of which was made in a day, by which a saving of a week's time, to say nothing of superior workmanship, is the gain of each man, yet you want a third person to be concerned in the transaction before you admit a profit to the makers! Malthus, you say, wrote a book pointing out the increase of population, and the misery of the lower orders of the people. This was applauded by the government, and his work patronized to an unbounded extent, because it pointed out forcible means of checking population. Carlile became a disciple, you say, to the opinion of Malthus, and a tool in the hands of others; because he published the way to check this surplus population—not by force, but by an act of the ladies. The women, at least, will not call him a monster in the shape of a man for this. As they are to be the actors, they will not condemn the act. But as you say he is nearly a madman—why are you so angry? It is but a mad trick, and we pity, not detest the weakness of mad men. I differ from you respecting the soundness of his mind, and if I am to judge of your sanity, by your writings, from their contradictions, I should conclude, *you cannot be always sound in mind.*

Supposing, then, Carlile to be *compos mentis*, and he viewing the miseries under which the lower orders of the people suffered: miseries such as you have repeatedly asserted, and which I have quoted from your speech at the Feast of the Gridiron: he having read Malthus on surplus population, studying causes and effects, and trying, if possible, to ameliorate the condition of his suffering fellow creatures, he at last, brought up his mind to convey to them that information which he thought, under existing circumstances, may benefit those unfortunate creatures, born only to toil out a wretched existence. This is the very head and front of his offence—for which you call him a monster in the shape of a man. That he, with thousands of others, may wish for a reform of abuses, an extinction to the national debt, and an end to all sinecures, with a just administration of good laws, I have no doubt, but who, as the means of accomplishing this desirable end, who is the man that can give happiness to his fellow creatures, who can make all independant? There must be hewers of wood and drawers of water. The invention of machinery deprived the poor of part of their work and made



labour cheap. The increase of population through vaccination added to the numbers unemployed. The necessaries of life increased in price, and men starved in the midst of plenty. Yet the animal propensities were not checked, and on your own showing, surely beget crime. Who could look on a wretched half-starved family, and witness the incessant toil of the mother, without a wish to help them? Who, with the feeling of a man, (but not with Cobbett's heart) could behold unmoved the naked, shivering, half-starved, ignorant children, and wish to see the propagation of such beings, born to no inheritance but misery? How many millions, from your own showing, have been born to no other inheritance in the last 50 years? What prospect is there for them in the future? Is the man then a monster, who offers a remedy in part? who says, to a poor man, is it not with the greatest difficulty you can support yourself, wife, and two children? you can give them little education, you can hardly clothe them, leaving yourself sufficient food, wherewith to do your work, but if you have four or six more, what will be your condition? Follow this direction, and unless you choose you will have no more children.

If this plan is put into execution, what will be the effect? a decrease of the misery of the poor, and an increase of their comforts, followed by a decrease of crime and immorality, and though it be possible that some single women may adopt the plan—even that will benefit society under existing circumstances. We shall have fewer illegitimate children left to the misery of parish food or to induce the finger of scorn; fewer women exposed to want and misery, fewer new born infants destroyed, I think fewer common prostitutes, and consequently a smaller number of evils for Mr. Wm. Cobbett\* to expose and enrich himself by.

Bristol, April 16, 1826.

CANDID.

P.S. Mr. Cobbett is requested to insert this letter, with his reply, in his Register, on doing which, my address, if required by him, may be known, by applying to Mr. Cossens, his agent in Bristol.

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\* If I have adopted strong language and used foul words, it is because I like to fight my opponent with his own weapon. The vulgarity of my mode of writing is a proof that I am a constant reader of Cobbett's Register.

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## STEWART'S LECTURES.

### LECTURE VII.

The subject of my next and seventh Lecture is the discipline of the faculty of reflection, to shew its agency as appropriate to arts and science, generating the technical powers of the mind called knowledge. Also the discipline of the faculty of contemplation, to shew its distinct agency in the improvement of sagacity, generating the essential powers of intellect called wisdom.

#### ON REFLECTION AND CONTEMPLATION.

I SHALL preface this Lecture with an exposition and analysis of the nature of reflection. This faculty modifying its actions and powers beyond the impressions of sense into eventual and probable existence, seems to acquire an equivocal nature denominated metaphysic, that of power beyond sense or substance, a term of contradiction and phantasm. In analyzing the nature of reflection, it will be instructive to consider the meaning derived from the etymology of the Latin word *reflectere*, to bend back, or revert to the same object, that is, to revert the faculty on the simple and primary object of sense or impression. In this meaning the action of reflection is nothing but a resensation, that is, a repetition of single impressions in number, magnitude, or quality.

This truth may be illustrated by considering the impression of the senses in viewing a first-rate ship of war of 100 guns; these impressions, when reacted or reverted upon by the faculty of reflection, to imagine an improveable ship of 1000 guns is nothing more than the repetition of simple impressions, whose aggregate exceeds their constituent parts in number, magnitude, and quality, and in this action there is nothing but resensation, and no spiritual, metaphysical, or magical operation. If we assume a case of morality, policy, or sublime physics, (which term I think better than metaphysics) to signify the powers and qualities of substance or matter, we shall discover that all the moral operations of mind are as palpable and distinct sensations as the relation of body or matter. To exemplify this truth, I will consider the operations of mind upon its own nature in modes of thoughts and faculties, and I find the actions of memory as distinct from the actions of judgment, as motion and cohesion in a bale of iron, and equally objects of sensation and impression.

Again, the various relations of morality and policy in justice, liberty, government, &c., are as palpable impressions in the organ of thought as the various modifications of substance in its distinct powers of motion, attraction, cohesion, fermentation, gravitation, &c. &c. In these various moral and physical modes, when acted upon by reflection to advance the improveable knowledge of arts and sciences, this faculty does nothing but repeat and multiply simple sensations, whose aggregate must be brought to the measure of experience to reduce them to the indispensable standard of sense or knowledge, which proves that the faculty of reflection is nothing but reflex sensation, and no supernatural metaphysic, or mysterious magic, according to the unintelligible jargon of both the ancient and modern schools.

#### ON THE FACULTIES OF REFLECTION AND CONTEMPLATION.

These two important faculties of the human mind have been so universally received as synonymous, that I am very apprehensive I shall excite the suspicion of metaphysical sophistry in the minds of my auditors while I profess to annihilate the science itself. I place my whole confidence for success not on any respectable influence of superior intelligence, but upon common discernment and common sense, to receive conviction from the simplest possible mode of ratiocination.

The word reflection is taken from the Latin word *reflectere*, which means simply to recoil, revert, or recur, as the light of a candle recurs from the reflecting-glass.

This metaphor applied to the mind signifies the recurrence of thought upon the object that caused it. The word contemplation is derived from the Latin *contemplare*, which means to dwell or reside in a place. This metaphor is applied to that action of mind which dwells on all its recurrent reflections, till every possi-



ble relation of a subject, or constituent part of a system, are comprehended in one simultaneous view.

The distinction between the two faculties of reflection and contemplation is of the greatest importance in the art of mental discipline, because on their separate instrumentality is founded the distinct character of sagacity and science. Reflection makes the astronomer, the naturalist and the mathematician—while contemplation produces wisdom, and makes the man.

I shall first exhibit the operations of the faculty of reflection in the triple process of morality, policy, and philosophy. I will assume the following question of morality—"What is the end of human existence, and the means best calculated to attain that end?" The faculty of reflection enters upon the process of the moral question, and makes all its recurrences in a straight line or radius: while contemplation pervades the whole circle of existence. Reflection recurs upon its ideas of religious dogma in the straight line of national tradition or local revelation.

The savage reflects the end of human existence to be the chase, and the means to attain that end war and desolation—his reflective faculty moves on the straight line of tradition, and his ideas have no power of recurrence in any other direction.

The pastoral man considers the question in reference to scriptural history, and discovers his end to be the adoration of the immortal prince called the Lama, and the means to attain it a certain tribute and sacrifice of his property; thus his reflection, like that of the savage, recurs ever on the straight line or radius of received opinion and sacred history. The agrestic man, in treating this moral question of the end and means of human life, reflects in a train of local ideas—the Mahometan points to his paradise of virgins; the Bramins, mistaking the doctrines of Pythagoras, (who taught the real laws of nature, the transmutation of all bodies into each other) point to the transmigration of spirit; and each nation conforming its means to such ends in religious rites, exhibits the very limited process of a straight line reflection, which has no power to deviate into the collateral direction of improveable system. The scientific class of the continental inhabitants of Europe offer a most instructive example of the character of reflection, unaided by the powers of and distinguished from contemplation.

This class of population, among whom the arts and sciences have been carried to their acme, to extend the operations of intellectual power, and give to the passions the highest momentum of sensibility and refinement, notwithstanding this cultivated state of technical intellect, their faculty of reflection differs from that of the savage in quantity and not quality. The question of the end and means of human existence is conducted by them in a similar process with the subordinate classes of human society. Their faculty of reflection recurs in the same straight line, advancing only to a more remote point of purgatory and Paradise



for the end of human existence, and regarding as means to attain that end the observation of religious rites and the rules of fashionable manners, which constitute virtue.

From this example of the operations of the faculty of reflection, conducted by technical intellect or science, we discover the great defect of sagacity, and the important distinction between wisdom and science. I shall now examine the operations of the faculty of reflection, as conducted by the civic people of Great Britain and America, as the most exalted class of human population.

The constitutional government of civil liberty, which in its electoral assemblies calls every mind to the equivocal and dubious study of politics, and the administration of justice in juries, which demands the most subtle discriminations of the moral science, gives a new character to the faculty of reflection by employing it as a mere instrument for the faculty of contemplation to work with.

The quality of recurrence in a straight line diverges under the impulse of contemplation into every direction of the subject, and the simple radius of reflection is carried through every mensuration of its subject, or circle, as follows :—The civic man, reflecting the question proposed of the ends and means of human existence, his thoughts do not recur in the straight line of dogma and authority, but pervading every relation of the question in the great circle of the moral science, he discovers happiness to be the end of existence, and good actions to be the means to attain that end. I must obviate some reflections that may probably suggest themselves here, that there exists a great mass of superstitious reflection among the great mass of the people : this cannot be denied, but it is equally true, that the national characteristic of the civic class of population has ever been that of moralists, and not of religionists, a people who believed consciousness to be the only reward of virtue, and virtue synonymous with happiness, to be both the end and the means of human existence, independent of all authority and all creeds of superstition.

I shall now consider the character of the faculty of reflection operating on a question of policy, which I shall confine to the superior classes of civic and scientific life. Let the question be, What is the end and means of social life ? The scientific man, operating with a technical faculty of reflection, goes forward in theory to the straight-line process of natural liberty, and if this fails he recurs back to the point of despotic power, concluding the end and means of social life to be government, or dominion over themselves and others.

The civic man pursues the question with reflection, aided by the faculty of contemplation, by which reflection is directed into all the relations of social life, both practical and theoretical. Instead of pursuing the straight line of natural liberty, it diverges into all the relations of social organism, and determines that doubtful point of equation of liberty and law, which equilibre of

power becomes their mutual preservation, and forms the bond of civic optimacy, to discipline and hold together the aggregation of human beings under an implied compact of domestic aristocracy, as the end and means of social life.

This opinion of domestic aristocracy, as the end and means of social life, is certainly not calculated to make my doctrines palatable to an American auditory—but my purpose being solely to develop the energies of my nature in that universe in which the atoms that now speak in me must have an indestructible present and future interest, my mind is far removed from all personal considerations.

Slave to no sect, and bigot to no mood,  
I look thro' nature on to nature's good.

Society I announce to be nothing but a domestic aristocracy of moral excellence, superior knowledge, superior virtue, superior credit, accumulating or monopolizing superior property and power, with a capacity of hereditary transmission. It will be the nature of hereditary property to fall into the hands of unworthy possessors, but this does not impeach the system of acquisition by means of industry, knowledge, and economy, which contending with indolence, ignorance, and prodigality, must raise a great minority over a great majority of the population, and render what I call domestic aristocracy the great principle of existing human society.

The contemplative reflection and thoughtful character of the British people have discovered all these recondite relations, and have wisely qualified citizenship, or electoral suffrage, with property; reflecting, that if unqualified suffrage was granted to the immense majority of non-proprietors, they never would subject themselves to the privations of poverty, and thus the organism of civil society, deprived of its principle of moral aristocracy, would sink into democracy, anarchy, and despotism. The civic people of America have been forced by the vicissitude of circumstances to diminish the energy of civil power; but the faculty of reflection in the mass of a thoughtful people has produced a federal constitution, with as many checks and balances of optimacy (not aristocracy, which means hereditary power) as are necessary among a nation of proprietors.

If there are any among my auditory whose zeal for popular liberty may be disgusted with the word aristocracy, I call upon him to put his hand upon his heart, and to contemplate the condition of a planter or farmer, surrounded by his negroes or free labourers, and then to declare with candour what is the principle of human society.

Will the opulent farmer (I shall not mention the planter and his slaves) participate his comforts with a poor neighbour; or will he not rather watch the occasion when poverty, ignorance, and vice, may enable him to get possession of his little farm, and turn the former master into his own day-labourer?



Can such an existent state of things be called association cemented, according to Rousseau, by a social compact? No! it is nothing but an aggregation of the human species under the restraint of power; and should this power be dissolved by the democracy of unqualified citizenship, property will be invaded, domestic aristocracy will be annihilated, and the invariable consequence, anarchy and despotism, will ensue, till the factitious principle of domestic aristocracy is again re-established.

The American people present a singular civic phenomenon, which no nation has ever yet offered, viz. a majority of proprietors over numbers, without property in its population; and this wonderful and unparalleled predicament offers an infallible pledge to the duration of civil liberty, and an antidote to all intemperate zeal of party spirit. Why should Federalists struggle for the energy of government, or democrats for its relaxation, while property is armed to rally round the standard of law. Why should the alien, or unqualified citizen, be uneasy as subjects, while their sovereign is the great majority of their fellow-citizens, whose property binds them to the public interest—and whose councils would certainly not be improved by the addition of tumultuous ignorance, whose subsistence and labour depend on the undisturbed course of constituted order.

In these political observations, I have hazarded an example of the operation of my own faculty of reflection, to decide the political question, what is the end and means of social life in the present predicament of mankind, and I have discovered that end to be domestic aristocracy, and the means to be power originating from that source in qualified citizenship. I feel a very sensible regret to be drawn by my elucidations into political discussions, which, however instructive, will not fail to give offence to party spirit, and multiply the foes of these Lectures, which, being calculated to make war with prejudices of all descriptions, must naturally excite a host of enemies, and stand in need of all possible patronage from enlightened liberality and manhood.

I shall offer an apology for these political reflections, drawn from the nature of my subject, which made them indispensable. The subject of this Lecture being the powers of the faculty of reflection, and the strongest instance of their national exhibition being to be found among a people who have carried the existent science of policy to its acmé, it became indispensable to cite the system of that policy, and to exhibit the operations of reflection in the American mind, characterized by thoughtfulness, the offspring of British descent.

In my third question of philosophy to exhibit the higher operations of the faculty of reflection, I shall shew how this British character of thoughtfulness operates to enlarge the powers of reflection. I shall pass over the first three classes of human population in savage, pastoral, and agrestic life, because the faculty of reflection has moved in its straight line of recurrence no farther

than custom, tradition, and creeds, and therefore is not comprehended in the appellation of philosophy, which means an inquisition into the principles of things. I shall begin with scientific life. Here the faculty of reflection, unimproved with the character of thoughtfulness (generated only in the moral disquisitions of civil liberty), and subject to the stubborn propensity of straight line recurrence, generated by the inflexible propositions of science, follows the subsequent process.

I will assume the philosophic question—what relation does man hold to the system of the universe? The scientific mind pursuing this question with the faculty of reflection in a straight line recurrence, without any divergency of thought into collateral relations, discovers that man lives, dies, and falls into eternal sleep. Such has been the philosophy of the continent of Europe, long before the French Revolution took place under the appellation of Materialism.

There has lately appeared a new system, under the appellation of the Kantian philosophy, but as it is founded on exploded metaphysics, it furnishes a stronger instance of thoughtless reflection recurring in the straight line of mental habitudes, which does not deserve the name of rational inquisition, the attribute of philosophy.

The philosophic question of man's relation to the universe is conducted in a different manner by the civic man. The faculty of reflection, improved by the habitude of thoughtfulness, invented the first philosophy of Bolingbroke, mutilated and misunderstood by Pope in his "Essay on Man."

Bolingbroke, the great genius of civic life, instead of pursuing the study of man with the inflexibility of scientific reflection, diverged the powers of that faculty beyond the straight line recurrence of intellectual habitudes in the energy of thought.

He discovered that man was a constituent part of one great body of existence, whose universal power was formed by the sum total of all its constituent parts. That these modal powers differed in their natures as much as they differed in their substances—that the mode of man produced intellect, and that the planetary mode or system produced a superior power conformable to its substance. Beyond this, the sidereal system assumed a rising superiority of power conformable to its organism.

With this revolving, and not recurrent proof of the faculty of reflection, he dispersed the clouds of anthromorphism or personifications of power, and emancipated the human mind from the thralldom of superstition.

Having exhibited the operations of the faculty of reflection, by various examples drawn from the five distinct classes of human population, I shall next consider how its powers may be improved. We have already seen that the energy of reflection moves on a parallel with the energy of thought. In the absence of thought, and force of science, it takes a straight line direction. The as-



tronomer reflects the distance, motion, and locality of the luminous bodies and space, without diverging into collateral studies.

The mathematician carries his recurrent ideas in the straight line of mensuration. The chymist reflects nothing but the composition of bodies; and the merchant calculates nothing in a straight line reflection—but the profit and loss of a price current.

Thought acts upon the faculty of reflection as gravity acts upon the motion of the celestial bodies. It makes it revolve in system, and prevents its straight-lined course to insulate itself in space.

Thought, influencing the mind of the astronomer, would force his straight-lined reflection to diverge into the relations of human nature, and make the study of the planets elucidate the study of man.

Thought would influence the straight-lined reflection of the chymist, to revolve his elementary decompositions of hydrogen and oxygen into the more important relations of man and nature. Thought would augment the powers of reflection into the mind of the merchant, and teach him that commercial enterprize or riches were not the end but the means of happiness, and that gain was not to be reflected on the straight line of a price current, but to be revolved by the pleasure of thought into the various relations of security, peace, competence, and health.

These instructions to improve the faculty of reflection, I recommend to the peculiar attention of the American people, whose straight line reflection on profit, or the accumulation of property, as both the end and means of human life, absorbs all the faculties and energies of the mind, and becomes a most ominous fact of private and public misery.

In the old countries opulence makes a stand when arrived at its maximums, and flows into the diverging channels of satisfied independence, pleasure, and mental improvement, but in this country it never stops but rages into disastrous speculation, which disturbs the system of domestic life, and holds it in perpetual contingency. This morbid spirit of speculation, which at present characterizes the American people, among all other nations, is hostile to the improving powers of reflection, and awfully portentous in a country whose distant locality, variegated population, and popular government, demand the highest exercise of thought, and the most perfect discipline of the understanding, to prevent its becoming the Cayenne of human wretchedness, and make it the expected asylum of human happiness.

I shall now offer a rule of discipline for the conduct of the faculty of reflection, which is—to concentrate all science in the study of man.

The poet says—

“All our knowledge is ourselves to know;”

from which sentiment it is fair to conclude, that the poet regard-

ed all the physical sciences on a very low scale of estimation, unless they were related and brought home to the transcendent knowledge of man. Having before shewn how this rule is to be executed by displaying the relations of all science to the study of man in the instructions to improve the powers of reflection, I shall here conclude this topic.

#### ON THE FACULTY OF CONTEMPLATION.

This is the important faculty that generates good sense, sagacity, and wisdom. The faculty of reflection I have just shewn to be a mere recurrence of the mind upon the straight line of science, habitude; and the great genius, Bolingbroke, found its energy suppressed by habitude, though he advanced it to the utmost limits of its function, without arriving at the superior faculty of contemplation. The faculty of reflection gives to intellect the mechanism of the barrelled organ, which moved by the impulse of the cognee of passion, plays the fixed tunes of laws, customs, and opinions. The great master faculty of the mind, contemplation, plays on the intellectual instrument with the keys of reason, and thus has a power to accord its notes to all the harmonies of the laws of nature.

The Englishman, Frenchman, Dutchman, playing on the barrel organ of his mind with the cognee of reflection, has no power to accord his notes with the key player of contemplation, though this latter can accord the sublime harmonies of theory with the fixed notes of prejudice and practice.

These novel sentiments I shall elucidate in the operation of the faculty of contemplation, pursuing the solution of three questions, on morality, policy, and philosophy.

I shall assume, for my first example, the following question of morality:—What is the end or nature of virtue, and what are the means to effect it? The faculty of contemplation opens the boundless volume of nature, and, like the mathematician, first determines the centre and circumference of the circle of mensuration, without which, no magnitude of parts can be ascertained. Contemplation, diverted by prejudice, and deterred by no authority, penetrates boldly to the centre of all elements, discovers virtue to be the highest act of self-interest, and thence rising to the circumference of system, it measures the means of that interest in universal sympathy or benevolence.

The process of this theory is so aptly allegorized by Pope, that the citation of the passage will form a complete illustration of my subject—

“ Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;  
The centre moved, a circle first succeeds,  
Another still, and still another breeds;



Parent, friend, neighbour, first it does embrace,  
 Our country next, and next all human race;  
 Wide, and more wider, th' o'erflowings of the mind,  
 Takes every creature in of every kind."

If we examine strictly this allegory, it solves the problems of self-interest in its literal intelligence, and proves the ratio of self-interest, like the weight of the steel yard, to increase in the remoteness of its relations.

The good of parentage, the first remove from the fulcrum of self, how much it is increased by the second remove of friendship, the next distant circle of neighbourhood multiplies the powers of self in the esteem and aid of associates. The next circle, the prosperity of country, advances individual happiness, by comparing the adversity of famine, anarchy, or foreign subjugation, and the last circle of the whole sensitive system, whenever sympathy shall extend its relations to a total emancipation of the brute species, the reign of nature, or perfect happiness will commence.

Such is the process of contemplation in the vast circle of theory. Let us now examine how these key notes of reason are to lie harmonized with the barrel organ of practice and prejudice in the strait line of reflection.

It is evident, the emancipation of the brute species could not take place among nations, because it would expose them to the danger of famine and foreign subjugation; but it might be easily adopted by sects and individuals, who would find their health, independence, moral temperament, and happiness increased thereby, in the exact ratio of the steelyard, whose greatest weight is of the remotest distance from the fulcrum.

This truth I can attest by my own personal experience. I lived for ten years upon nothing but vegetable food, and enjoyed in consequence, a physical and moral health, the remembrance of which will never be erased from my memory. The great exertions of my youth in difficult and dangerous travels, have brought on a state of debility, which together with the advancement of age, have compelled me to use the tonic aliment of meat, but this temporising action of circumstances does not diminish my happiness, because my principle of sympathy exists in all its force.

I shall now consider the process of the faculty of contemplation on a political question, viz. What is the end and means of social life?

The faculty of contemplation, touching the keys of intellect, and unaffected by the cognee of local prejudice, accords its notes with the harmony of nature's laws, opposed to those of custom and reflection, and seeking first the centre of elements and the circumference of system, discovers the principle of social life to be coadjutation, and the means, family organization.

The present state of mankind is mere aggregation, founded on principles of restraint and competition, and cannot be called society, which means aid, companionship, and brotherhood. Contemplation unrestrained by the habitudes of law and custom, in its researches, discovers that coadjutation is the true principle of social life, that is, putting all our powers into one joint stock, to draw back in an improved and multiplied state individual liberty, subsistence, power, and happiness.

The means to effect such association is by the organization of families, or such a number of individuals that may live conveniently in domestic intercourse; as these multiply they may form separate families, and those must all be organized into an auditory, or the greatest number of families that can collect so as to hear the discourse of each other.

In this manner, auditories might be connected by deputations, and the whole human species organized into one great family, to multiply the moral and physical powers of man, to conduct human nature to the greatest developement of its ener-

gies, in the worship of nature or cultivation of good, in the mundane system, in time and futurity.

Such is the theory or end of all social life. The means to effect this end, is the accommodation of civil power or government, to the capacities of intelligence in the people, from the despotism of Asia, through all the gradations of European Aristocracy, up to the sublime confederation of American nations, or principles of optimacy.

Here stops the climax of national perfectibility, from which trunk the scions and branches of sects or colonies, shoot forth into experiments of improveable policy. Contemplation marks optimacy as the boundary of all national progress; by the word optimacy is meant selection, excellence, or preference, comprehending all the property, respectability, and information of the whole population of the country, as the bases of electoral suffrage or sovereign authority of the people called qualified citizenship. Should any ambitious and irreflective demagogue, advise the subject part of the population, as minors, women, and uninformed populace, to invade and destroy this sacred boundary, his advice should be regarded as the false and insidious counsel of a guardian, who should advise his minor wards, to take charge of their own property, with the intention of making them the dupes of his fraud and embezzlement.

I shall now give an example of the operation of the faculty of contemplation, upon the following question of Philosophy, "what is the end and means of human existence?" I shall continue my allegory of the musical instrument, and place contemplation at the keys of the mental organ, to compose and harmonize the whole sphere of nature's laws, while reflections turns the cogwheel and barrel of local prejudices.

Contemplation takes a comprehensive view of all the phenomena, which nature exhibits in the knowledge of human existence. The origin of man in his birth presents itself like fruit from the tree, the product of the mundane system or globe of the earth. His progress through life, is the developement of his powers through wisdom to happiness, and his death presents no other phenomena than the separation of indestructible atoms, to recirculate through all existent modes, according to the Poet,

"All forms that perish, other forms supply."

Shakespear says:—

"Great Alexander dead and turned to clay,  
Now stops a hole to keep the wind away."

Various Poets and Philosophers discovered this important phenomenon, but operating upon it with the barrel organ of reflection, instead of the key of contemplation, they observed no consequences of human interest in the fact. Contemplation in my mind pursues this fact beyond the boundaries of mental and local habitude, and if an atom of Alexander exists at the present moment, in some human mode, it is suffering the evil consequences, of its own ambition in its previous mode of Alexander. It has indeed lost all consciousness or memory of such a relation, or transmutation, but such remembrance cannot at all affect its actual state of joy or suffering.

This important phenomenon, holds a tremendous lesson to all human modes of being, that all the ills their conduct, example, or judgment, inflict on the sensitive system, every indestructible atom that was agent of that ill, will at a future period be the patient of the same ill, in a new combination of mode to which the remembrance or relation of identity is of no consequence.

All modes of being possess a double identity, the one personal, the other universal; the personal identity is nothing more than the succession of ideas limited by memory, in order to economize the good of that personality, this ceases upon the dissolution of the atoms which formed it, while the material or indestructible identity perpetually continues, and identifies the interest of all existent beings both in life and death. If I ride a animal and treat it with cruelty, the atoms of the rider transmute into the body of the horse, and become the patient of their own



agency; this pain is not indeed felt by the personal identity of the man, but it is felt by the indestructible identity of the matter which might have prevented its own sufferance in the previous mode of man.

Such are the phenomena or knowledge of human nature, which the faculty of contemplation discovers in the amplitude of elements and system to form the complete circle of self-knowledge, and to calculate therein every measurement and relation, of human action, human wisdom, and human existence. The faculty of contemplation developing thus, the universal harmony of all existence makes virtue an intelligible and practicable interest, not a mysterious homily of romantic heroism, but a solid, rational and wise self-interest, in time and futurity, independent of the vain breath of public applause or censure, and out of the reach of all the contemptible influences of fame, profit or power.

Deluded and venerable victims of revolutionary despotism, Baillie, Roland, Lavoisier, Condorcet, what must have been your agonizing reflections, when insulted by an ignorant populace, that you laboured to exalt into an impracticable state of freedom. The faculty of a well-disciplined contemplation would have consoled you, with a view of profitable experience from your fate and error, to the whole civilized world, and the prospective view of your dissolving atoms, circulating through a long succession of ages in the security of social order, would have offered a more solid source of consolation than the flattery of the historian, the pencil of the painter, or the chissel of the sculptor, whose efforts could not modify the pains or pleasures of your future modes of existence, in the incalculable interests of an indestructible identity of matter superseding that of Reason.

Having exhibited the operations of the faculty of contemplation as distinct from that of reflection, I shall now consider how its powers may be increased.

If we examine the biography of learned men, we shall discover no traces whatever of the character of contemplation. Science and lettered knowledge call into exercise the efforts of memory and diminish in the same proportion the energies of judgment and by rendering its function unnecessary annihilate the faculty of contemplation.

Bolingbroke, whose name appears indeed in the records of science, studied man more than letters, and declared through his poetic amanuensis, Pope, that good sense and sagacity were of more value than the whole encyclopædia of science.

The study of man, with the importance of its object to personal happiness, strikes the attention like a thunder bolt in the magnitude of its interest, and excites contemplation to the most laborious application and the utmost energy of comprehension, while arts, sciences, and letters undulate over the surface of intellect with the soft pressure of the zephyr and leave their light breezes on the stagnant pool of memory, where genius floats in the superficial buoyance of arts and science.

The study of man awakens every faculty of the mind and is as impulsive in the breast of the peasant as the philosopher, while the study of letters impels only the man of talent to steer his pompous and light vessel in the gale of fame.

If the study of man in his moral and physical relations of being had been pursued with the millionth part of the ardour of arts and science, the whole race of mankind would at this period have been sages in contemplation and sagacity instead of being sages in science and idiots in sagacity, which now characterizes the human species.

If the infantine mind was exercised in contemplation of those objects of sport and play which alone interest it, instead of letters and grammar rules, which while they are impressed on memory give no exercise to judgment, I am confident such exercise of thought in comparison and relations to judgment would produce more sagacity at the age of puberty than appears now in the age of adolescence or even virility itself.

The study of man offered to the adult mind in the most unbounded theories unshackled by prejudice and authority would generate a powerful habitude of thought and contemplation in the public mind that no seductive demagogue could impose any innovations unwarranted by the discernment of experience to accommodate and limit improvement to the practical condition of society.

The present moral condition of mankind offers to the philosophic mind the most alarming prospect of social misery. Fictitious wants, vices, and passions are in a constant ratio of menace with the advancement of what is called civilization. Arts and sciences join their incentive power to place human intellect in a high state of active observation, while the neglected instruction of sagacity has deprived it of the faculty of contemplation.

The great mass of population are calling out for impracticable liberty, while the minority of property and information are flying to the fortress of civil power and superstition.

The faculty of contemplation discovers the politic body of society to resemble a great tree, whose fruit is produced on its extreme branches, supported by vegetable organism, improved by manure and irrigation of the soil, and not by transplantation.

In the same manner, the politic body of society produces the fruit of happiness in its extremities of sects and colonies. Its trunk like that of the tree must be improved by the low and temperate means of education and instruction, and all revolutionary transplantations of power beyond intellectual capacity or qualified citizenship would destroy it.

I shall conclude this lecture with the rule of discipline for the faculty of contemplation, which is, I think, beyond all habitudes, propensities and limits of authority, while we conform action to existing circumstances.

The execution of this rule may be exemplified by the action of the spider in its web, which feels in all directions and amplitude of its circle, and if it regarded but one direction, it would lose its alimentary prey.

In the same manner, human intellect would lose its aliment of sagacity, if it regarded or reflected only in the simple and straight line of habitude directed by local opinion or confined to the simple radius of a particular science.

The discovery and execution of this rule of discipline for the faculty of contemplation, offers a more momentous change in the circumstances of human existence than all the inventions of the Encyclopædia of Arts and Sciences.

The discovery of gunpowder civilized the modes of warfare. The invention of the press has levelled observations and literary knowledge on all the classes of population. The construction of the magnetic compass has opened a universal intercourse of nations, and all together have impelled human effort and intelligence into a feverish state of force and activity.

The faculty of a disciplined contemplation will teach mankind thought, meditation and reason, to guide the activity of precocious observation through the complicate systems of refined civilization in a peaceful progress to human perfectibility or a state of nature.

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#### CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY.

A PETITION from this society was presented to the House of Commons, on Monday night, the 17th Inst., praying that a law may be passed to secure the right of religious enquiry, and to liberate from gaol all those now confined for such enquiry. Mr. Hume presented the petition in a handsome manner, and expressed his regret, that Mr. Peel had not liberated the men in Newgate with my liberation. Mr. Peel replied, that they had definite sentences, which was not my case, and that my fines had been atoned for by imprisonment. One paper reports, that he said *the recognizances had also been atoned for*. Here is the rub. Recognizances for life could only be atoned for by imprisonment for life. Why were they remitted, unless on the ground that there were to be no more prosecutions of the kind? And if so; why are these four men confined in Newgate? Let Mr. Peel reconcile this matter if he can.—The Christian Evidence Society has purchased the Salters' Hall Chapel, lately occupied by Doctor Collier, at the price of eight hundred and fifty pounds. There is a talk, that divine service is to be performed there shortly by the Reverend Mr. Taylor, who has no objection to make me his clerk. Amen.—R. C.

Printed and Published by R. CARLILE, 135, Fleet Street.—All Correspondences for "The Republican," to be left at the place of publication.